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Tom Boggy's
Second LETTER
TO THE
Canon of *WINDSOR.*

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A SECOND

LETTER

FROM

TOM BOGGY,

TO THE

Canon of *Windſor*;

Occaſion'd by

The late PANEGYRICK given Him by the *REVIEW* of *Thurſday, July* 13. 1710.

Dat veniam Corvis, Vexat Cenſura Columbas.

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My good old Friend!

THE ſame Day my laſt came to your Hand, there was publiſhed a *Review* which Recommends your Sermon to the Publick as an *excellent Diſcourſe, and well worth the Peruſal of every Chriſtian Reader.*

I ſee now the Force of your Arguments and Eloquence, when ſuch a Pen as that of the *Review*, ſo uſed to Satyr, can be turned to a Panegyrick in your Favour, and a Diſſenter be brought to chime in with a Churchman.

At firſt I could not well imagine how you and Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, and the *Review*, ſhould ever come to agree, when they are daily paſſing *Cenſure* upon all the World, and you are at the ſame time declaiming againſt it.

But

But I find you have qualified your ſelf for their Company by a Paſſage in your Sermon, which I obſerved to you in my laſt, *That you particularly exerciſe the Talent* of Cenſure *your ſelf, and tranſgreſs the Rules you ſet to others.* So that now it may be ſaid there is a Triumvirate of *Cato's* in *Great Britain.*

I find you have all Three made your ſelves ſo far Privy Councellors, as to adviſe Her Majeſty how ſhe may beſt diſpoſe of Her *Hereditary Right.* I ſhall not concern my ſelf with the other two Gentlemen, but your reaſoning upon the Point is eaſily anſwered: You ſay, that a *mighty Zeal ſhown for Her Majeſty's Hereditary Right caſts a Reflection on the Act of Settlement:* And is it not as true, that a mighty Zeal for the Act of Settlement, caſts a Reflection on Her Majeſty's Hereditary Right? Perhaps you that are raw in Politicks, may ſee this Argument in a clearer Light when it is applied to your ſelf: No doubt but you

Dedication, p. 4.

you have a good Right and Title to your Canonry, by your Learning, Eloquence and other Merits; you have likewise what one may call a *Parliamentary Right*. Now if you had heard this last Right so much insisted upon, as I have done lately, you would have been apt to think, that People suspected your Other Titles.

In my last I meddled with little more then your Dedication, and said a Word or two to your Text, which was more than you did: Give me leave now to go a little farther, and lay before you some odd Points in your main Discourse.

I believe there is scarce any Man of Figure besides your self in *Great Britain*, that would have dared in a publick Discourse to have used these Words, *The Sudden and Lamentable Revolution*. Are *Sudden* and *Lamentable* at this time of Day fit Epithets for a *Revolution*? I verily believe in my Conscience, that you meant them concerning *Job*: But seeing there was no

mention

mention of a *Revolution* in *His Hiſtory*, as you call it, what Occaſion was there for it in *your* Sermon? You meant it innocently, or may be meant nothing by it; but what then? If you were not under *ſuch* Protection, and in *ſuch* Company as you are, this would have raiſed Great Suſpicions againſt you, and might with Good *Management* have been improved into a High Crime againſt the Government.

I mention this only as an Indiſcretion. Now let us ſee ſome of your ſtrong Reaſoning againſt Rebuking in Publick. You lay it down, That *it has been ſeldom known that any Good has been done upon a guilty Perſon, by publiſhing his Crimes, and proclaiming his Infirmities. Sharp and ſevere Methods will rather Harden and Confirm him in his Wickedneſs, then reclaim him from it.*

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I am afraid, Dear Friend, that by theſe general Propoſitions of yours, you ſeem to encounter all Laws both Divine and Human, Eccleſiaſtical and Civil

Civil. I own that I am not very well verſed in theſe Laws, nor yet in the Prophets, but I have heard that ſome of them, as *Iſaiah*, *Jeremiah*, *Hoſea* and *Jonah*, in particular, were order'd to do ſomething contrary to theſe Propoſitions, and to *Publiſh* and *Proclaim* both to Prince and People, thoſe Sins which were like to bring down God's Judgments upon them: And as I remember, The King of *Nineveh* and his Nobles (who might probably be as great as ours) proclaim'd a Faſt, and put on Sackcloth, and by their Repentance ſaved that Great City, which otherwiſe in Forty Days time had been brought to Deſtruction.

Perhaps you may ſay, theſe *Ninevites* were *Heathens*; but the *Jews* did not repent, becauſe the Prophet *Jeremy publiſh'd* and *proclaim'd* their Iniquities; and were rather *Harden'd and Confirm'd in their Wickedneſs*: It may be ſo, but I don't remember, that for theſe Reproofs and Cenſures any Scandal or Revilings were thrown upon the Prophet

Jeremy by any of the other Prophets, except the False ones. Therefore allowing that People will *Harden* their Hearts, yet I do not find that the Neceſſity of leaving off Preaching, can be inferr'd from that Argument, unleſs, becauſe it is ſaid *We muſt not do Evil that Good may come of it*, You conclude from thence, that we muſt not do Good leſt Evil come of it.

Well! If Reproof muſt not be in
Page 15. Publick: And *throwing general Reflections will never do any particular Man Good*, how then muſt the Proceeding be? Why we are told, That *a private Admonition will be more Inſtrumental to his Recovery!*

But if Wickedneſs may appear bare-fac'd, and Truth muſt come in Diſguiſe, or under Covert, I ſhould be deſirous to know how this may be done to the greateſt Edification: Tho' at preſent I hardly believe it practicable.

As ſuppoſe there is a careful and ſuſpicious Uſurer in your Pariſh, and you muſt not reprove him out of the Pul-

pit

pit for his Covetouſneſs; do you think he will let you into his Counting-houſe to do it?

If it be not ſo proper, notwithſtanding the Act of Parliament to preach againſt the Murder of King *Charles* the Firſt upon the Thirtieth of *January*, leſt ſome Tender-hearted People ſhould take it amiſs, and think you meant to ſcandalize them; or reflect upon their Principles, their Anceſtors, or ſome Body-elſe, and ſo You may give Offence to weak Brethren: Do you think if You went privately to the *Calves-Head-Club*, with a Deſign to inſtruct them; that upon the Sight of Your Scarf, Circingle and Caſſock, you could be able to gain Admittance? May be *You* might, if you ſent in Your Name.

But as far as I can find by theſe new Rules, a Miniſter upon the Fifth of *November* ſhould let alone his Sermon, and at Night take up his Dark-Lanthorn, go his Rounds with the Watch-men, and appear more afraid of doing his Duty, than *Guido Faux* was of committing his Treaſon.

After your General Argument againſt *Publick Cenſure*, you come to your chief Point, and Shew of what ill Conſequence 'tis when applied to Great Men.

Page 18. When *Great Men are reflected on, what a Diſcouragement is it to them to proceed in their Labours for the publick Good! What a continual Trouble and Vexation it gives 'em?* Yes indeed! Who knows but they may be ſo *diſcourag'd in their Great Labours*, that they will no longer be at the Pains of receiving Five, Ten or Twenty Thouſand Pound a Quarter! Who knows but they may be ſo *Vex'd* at laſt, that they will reſign their Places! And *what ſhall we do then?* Wo be to that Preacher that has ſo *Vex'd* them!

I was going on with my Obſervations upon ſome other Paſſages in Your

Page 16. Diſcourſe, *viz. How far we may or may not reprove by Conjecture, and Romantically encounter Faults that are no where but in our own Brains: How ſpiteful Adverſaries may remove Perſons from the Degree of Favour they are in*, &c. But I was interrupted by the *Penny-Poſt-Man*, who brought me

me the following Verſes under a Cover. I won't rob You of the Satisfaction of ſeeing how much You are Honour'd by an Author of this Character.

To Windſor *Cannon his well choſen Friend,*
The juſt Review *does kindeſt Greeting ſend.*
I've found the Man by Natures Gift deſign'd,
To pleaſe my Ear and captivate my Mind.
By Sympathy the eager Paſſions move,
And ſtrike my Soul with Wonder and with [*Love!*
Happy that Place where much leſs Care is had
To ſave the Virtuous, than protect the Bad.
Where Paſtors muſt their ſtubborn Flock obey,
Or that be thought a Scandal *which they ſay.*
For ſhould a Sin by ſome Grand Soul belov'd,
Chance with an awkard Zeal to be reprov'd:
And tender Conſcience meet the fatal Curſe,
Of Hardning *by Reproof, and growing worſe.* Page 14.
When Things to ſuch Extremities *are brought* Page 16.
'Tis not the Sinners, *but the* Teacher's *Fault.*

With Great Mens Wickedneſs, *then reſt* Page 12. Page 14.
[*content,*
And give them their own Leiſure to repent.

Whilſt

Whilſt their own Head-ſtrong Will alone muſt
[curb 'em,
Page 18. *And nothing* Vex, *or venture to* diſturb *'em.*
Page 12. *Leſt they ſhould loſe their* Favour *in the*
[Court,
And no one but themſelves be ſorry for't.
Were I in Panegyrick vers'd like You,
I'd bring whole Offerings to Your Merit due.
You've gain'd the Conqueſt, and I freely own,
Diſſenters may by Church-Men be out-done.
Tho' once we ſeem'd to be at ſuch a diſtance,
Yet both Concenter in Divine Reſiſtance.
Both Teach what Kings muſt do, when Sub-
[jects fight,
And both diſclaim Hereditary Right.

By Jove's *Command two Eagles took their*
[Flight,
One from the Eaſt *the Source of Infant*
[Light,
The to'ther from the Weſt, *that Bed of*
[Night.
The Birds of Thunder both at Delphos *meet,*
The Center of the World, and Wiſdom's Seat.

So

So by a Power, not decent here to name,
To one fixt Point our various Notions came.
Your Thoughts from Oxford, and from
[Windsor flew,
Whilst Shop and Meeting-House brought
[forth Review.
Your Brains, fierce Eloquence and Logick try'd,
My humbler Strain choice Socks and Stock-
[ings cry'd;
Yet in our Common Principles we meet,
You sinking from the Head, I rising from the
[Feet.

Pardon a hasty Muse, Ambitious grown,
T'extol a Merit far beyond His own.
For tho' a moderate Painter can't command,
The Stroke of Titian's or of Raphael's Hand:
Yet their transcendent Works his Fancy raise,
And there's some Skill in knowing what to
[Praise.

July 14. 1710.

R. V. W.

Unless

Unleſs I hear of You from the *Review* or *Obſervator*, I ſhall trouble You no more 'till You are commanded to Print again.

I am

Yours entirely,

TOM BOGGY.

FINIS.

R. V. W.